

The Orangeburg News.

FIRST OUR HOMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION; THESE CONSTITUTE OUR COUNTRY.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,

EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS.

Orangeburg, S. C.

Feb 23

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Down Passenger.
Leave Columbia at..... 6.30 A. M.
" Orangeburg at..... 10.30 A. M.
Arrive at Charleston at..... 4 P. M.
" Augusta..... 5 P. M.
Up Passenger.
Leave Augusta at..... 7 A. M.
" Charleston at..... 8 A. M.
" Orangeburg at..... 1.30 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia at..... 5.20 P. M.
Down Freight.
Leave Orangeburg at..... 10 A. M.
Arrive at Charleston at..... 6.10 P. M.
Up Freight.
Leave Orangeburg at..... 1.28 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia at..... 6.50 P. M.
mar 23 g 10

POETRY.

L'Auto-Da-Fo.

In the hush of the winter midnight—
In the hush of the sleeping house—
When no weird wind stirs in the gloomy air,
The spirits of storm to rouse.

When never a glint of moonlight
Glens from the great black sky,
By the red fire's glow, as it smoulders low,
We crouch, my letters and I.

My letters, they lie where I tossed them,
On the crimson hearthrug there,
Still, vivid, and bright, in the ruddy light,
As cobras in their lair.

I push the hair from my forehead,
That burns and throbs so strange,
Thinking the while, with a strange dull smile,
Of the task I must do at last.

Who knows but I, the comfort
Those foolish letters have been?
The depth and scope—the strength and hope—
Of those "leaves" that are always "green?"

Who knows but I, how sadly,
To-morrow, I and my dream,
By the ashes grey will weep and say,
"Wee's me for that vanished gleam."

"The gleam of idle gladness,
The glimmer of memories bright,
That hid in each line of those letters of mine
Those letters I burn to-night?"

Ah well! the dream was a folly;
Its joy was an idle thing,
Its hope was a lie, and its loyalty
Died of a whisper's sting.

So a kiss—the last—to my letters,
A resolute hand, and—there!
Do the sad dark eyes of my Paradise
Meet mine through the fierce flame's glare?

—TEMPLE BAR.

LITERARY.

SELECTED.

MUSTAPHA THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A TALE OF ASIA MINOR.

[Continued.]

He was in the right. The controversy spread through the ship, until the pilgrims would neither eat nor drink with each other. Fortunate for them if they had been deaf; still more fortunate for them if they had been dumb. Every man had a different opinion, and every man disputed in its honor as if it were necessary to his existence. The color of the camel branched into a hundred controversies, and each made at least a pair of orators ready to strangle each other.

Mustapha, irritated and impatient, at last proposed to the Scribe that they both should go among them; and explaining the absurdity of their quarreling on points for which no human being could be the better or the worse, recommend them to pass, at least, the remainder of the voyage in peace. "Are we strong enough," said the Scribe, simply, "to throw one half of them overboard every day, until but you and I are left?" "No," replied the Bey; "but they must be tired of fighting by this time." "Nonsense is indefatigable," observed his companion. "But," said the Bey, "I shall rebuke their nonsense, satisfy their reason and compel the fools to see that nothing but mutual concession can ever produce either general comfort or general safety." "Try," briefly said the Scribe.

Next morning, when the war of words was at its height, and the deck was covered with knots of enthusiasts, all descending on their own wisdom, and the folly of the whole human race besides,—Mustapha came forward with his proposition for laying aside all quarrels on creeds during the voyage. His figure, lofty and commanding, his fine countenance, and even his embroidered robes and jewelled weapons, had a powerful effect on the bystanders; the pilgrims paused in their disputes, and all, forming a circle round the glittering preacher of peace, declared their readiness to adopt any plan which he thought fit to offer. Mustapha, elated at the prospect of success, spoke long and eloquently; the man of genius broke out through the habits of the Osmanli, and all his audience were enraptured. Shouts of approval soon began to follow every sentence; he spoke of the original fraternity of mankind, and was applauded; of the dignity of truth, the supremacy of conscience, and the purity of reason,—and was applauded still more; he then powerfully described to them as combined in the act of exhibiting to others the same freedom which we claim for ourselves; and in remembering, among all the differences of opinion, that the man who possesses a spirit of good will for his fellow men, holds the master key of

all the virtues. An uproar of admiration followed the speech; and the whole circle cried out that neither Stamboul nor Smyrna could produce his equal. He next proposed that every man should come forward, and pledge himself to general harmony. A tall Turk instantly advanced:—"Illustrious Sonnite!" he began his declaration—"Illustrious Sonnite!" exclaimed a dwarfish, but richly clothed Persian; "why, son of a blind father and a deaf mother, who told you that he was a Sonnite? All the genius and virtue of mankind are with the children of Ali." A blow with the slipper of a disciple of Omar told the Persian that his opinion might not be universal. Mustapha saw his project broken up at once, and came forward to restore peace. But the tide had turned; and he himself was assailed by entreaties into his faith. "Do you believe in the holy waters of the Zenzen?" cried one. "If you do not worship the foot of Fo," cried another, "we only insult our ears in listening to you!" "Do you twist three hairs of the holy cow's tail of the Hedjaz, round your turban?" screamed another. "Do you believe in Fodh?" was the outcry of a fourth. The clamor grew horrible. "By the print of Adam's slipper!" yelled a gigantic Ceylonese, "the fellow is nothing better than a spy; and he deserves to be impaled on the spot." "By the knees of my fathers, he is a heretic," howled a ferocious Malay; "I would rather drink his blood than a bowl of arrack!" All now became clamor and confusion; daggers, knives, scymetars and ataghans, flashed round the throat of the unlucky Mustapha. But he was bold, was master of his weapon, and the sight of the naked poniard in one hand and his scymetar wheeling round his head in the other, partially repelled the furious crowd. "Hear me, madmen!" he exclaimed. "Can I believe all your creeds together?" "You believe none!" was the roar; and they pressed closer on him. "I believe all that reason tells me to believe," was the daring reply; "but this too, I believe, that all opinions have something in them right." The sentiment was partially applauded. "And also," added he, "something in them wrong."

This was oil on flame; the whole crowd burst into rage; they rushed upon him in self-defense; he struggled desperately, but a blow from behind struck the scymetar from his hand. He glanced round, and saw the Malay at his back, with his knees uplifted to strike a mortal blow. In the next instant he saw the countenance of the savage convulsed, heard him shriek, and felt him falling at his feet. In the place of the Malay stood the young Scribe, with the dagger in his hand, which he had snatched from the ruffian in the moment of fate; and had dyed in his heart's blood. Mustapha cast a look of thanks at his preserver; and side by side they retreated to the poop, where the pilgrims dared not approach them. But the firearms in the cabin were soon in the hands of his assailants, and certain death seemed to await him and his young companion. In this emergency, Mustapha prepared to die; but the Scribe, repeating the famous lines of Amrou, at the battle of Ternau—

"The eagle takes an eagle's flight,
The hero must not die in night."

sprang on the deck before him; and making a sign of parley, proposed at once that they should leave the ship to the pilgrims, and be set on the first shore they saw. Mustapha's blood boiled at the idea of compromise. But his preserver was already in the midst of the infuriated crowd, and he felt that hesitation might cost that preserver his life. He complied, with bitterness of soul. The boat was hoisted out, and the two exiles were rowed in the direction of the coast. They soon saw the hills above Beyrout; and trod the famous soil of Palestine. "And this comes of preaching peace to pilgrims," said Mustapha, indignantly, as he looked on the parched and ruined face of the country round him. "This is my last experiment; may the Arab pluck out their beards! But we run the greatest possible chance of being starved."

"My lord, may you be happy," said the Scribe; "but if we had remained on board, we should only have added to the possibility of being starved the probability of being drowned, or something not very far from the certainty of being shot."

"But to be thrown into this place of desolation for the mere attempt to prevent a parcel of hot-headed bigots from cutting each others heads off!" angrily murmured the Bey.

"The man who attempts to drive back the ocean when it rises before the gale, will find that his labor is wasted, even if he escape being sent to the bottom. He should take it in the calm."

"But, that such follies and furies should have their origin in religion!" retorted the Bey.

"Look on that Heaven," said the young Scribe. And well might they look on that Heaven with delight and wonder. Ten thousand stars blazed above their heads, with a pure intensity of light, an essential glory, to which Mustapha had never seen the equal even in the serene skies of Asia Minor. The sky was

showered with stars, a shower of diamond. A few faint, clouds, slightly tinged with the last hues of evening, lingered on the western horizon, like the last incense from some mighty altar. The air was still, and breathing the odor of the sheets of wild jessamines and myrtle which clothed the sides of the mountains; all was richness, solemn splendor, and sacred repose. The vivid eye of the Bey, made to rejoice in all that filled the imagination, roved over the boundless field of the stars of Heaven with a delight, which kept him silent.

"From that sky," said the youth, "which looks one vast palace of holy tranquility, from this fragrant air, which breathes like an offering of all the treasures of nature to the Sovereign of Nature, descend the thunder and the tempest, the bolt that strikes the mountain pinnacles into dust, and the hurricane that swells the sea into destruction. And shall we wonder that religion, bright, holy and boundless as those skies, should have power, from time to time, to fill the earth with terror, to dazzle the weak, to overwhelm the bewildered, to give an irresistible impulse to all that is bold, imaginative, untameable, and soaring in the heart of man."

"But what has the dagger, or the pistol, to do with this impulse? yet those sticklers for their contradictory follies would have flung me to the sharks which carried off the doctors of the black and white camels."

The young Scribe smiled, and simply said, "My lord, while nine-tenths of mankind are fools, why were we to expect that our pilgrim ship contained none but sages. While all mankind are creatures of the passions, why were we to suppose that a crew of enthusiasts alone were incapable of being frenzied by scorn. But let us not lay the blame on religion. To produce great effects, we must find great powers. Where universal man is to be stirred, the evil will be stirred with the good. But if the Nile, when it pours down its flood of fertility on the burning soil of the Delta, brings weeds into life with the harvest, is the fault in the Nile? Or when the mighty orb that has but just finished his course of glory in yonder waves, rushes to circle the world with light and life, and to extinguish his beams, through fear of the insects which he quickens in the marsh and the wilderness?" The young speaker of these words had been roused by the subject into unusual fervor. His pale countenance had suddenly lighted up, and as he gazed on the firmament, unconscious of all things but the glory which had awoke his feelings, the Bey found it impossible to withdraw his eyes from its animated beauty. The expressive features flushed with new intelligence. The glance, always powerful, seemed to catch, new brilliancy from the splendors above. Even the voice seemed to be changed. Always sweet, it was now lofty and solemn, yet it touched the spirit of the hearer more than in his softest moments. It was once music to his ear; it was now conviction to his soul. The haughty warrior, the proud philosopher, the conscious superior of every mind that he had till now encountered, all gave way; and flinging himself on the neck of his friend, Mustapha pledged himself by every light blazing in that sky of serenity never to part from his young sage, his counsellor, the tamer of his follies, and the guide of his existence.

The Scribe suddenly disengaged himself from this impetuous instance of friendship, and with one struggling hand still held in the grasp of Mustapha, and the other pressed closely to his forehead, turned away in silence. "Hear me now," said the impatient Bey "once for all; I abandon all eagerness to interfere in other men's concerns. This voyage, this hour, have given me wisdom worth a life. And if ever Mustapha, Ben Mustapha troubles his brain about making fools wiser than nature intended them to be; about giving experience to slaves incapable of thought; or teaching toleration to traders in bigotry; may he go the way of the doctors; or worse, may he be parted from his first and last of friends, even from his young philosopher." The young philosopher answered this burst of sentiment only with one of his quiet smiles, and drawing his turban still deeper on his brows, and wrapping his mantle closer round him, remarked, that the night was at hand, and that some village should be sought for, where they might find shelter and entertainment. Mustapha, in the ardor of the moment, would have despised the aid of man, and remained gazing on the stars, and listening to the wisdom of his companion. But a gust from the sea, followed by the rising roar of thunder among the hills, awoke him to the realities of the wilderness; and, anxious for the safety of so fragile a frame as that of his fellow traveler he followed the sounds of the baying dogs, and an occasional blast of a horn which sounded on the night air, until he found himself suddenly called on to stop. He was in the front of a troop of Arab horsemen. "Fly, or surrender at once," whispered the Scribe. "The panther is lord in the desert."

"The lion never flies," was the bold exclamation of the Bey, as he drew his scymetar. The Arabs seeing the flash, returned it by a

general fire of their muskets, and rushing on in the smoke, to their astonishment, they found that instead of a troop of some hostile tribe, they had but a single enemy, the handsomest of Moslem, who still defied them. They burst out into laughter at his presumption, and at the same moment a dozen fellows leaped from their horses, and threw themselves upon him. He struggled desperately, but a feeble voice reached his ear, which totally unmanned him. By the gleam of a torch he saw his friend in the hands of a crowd of the Arabs, who were carrying him away; and to his still deeper terror, he saw a long line of blood trickling from beneath his turban. He felt himself instantly powerless, and flinging away his weapon, yielded at once. The captives were carried in triumph to the camp; where Mustapha's jewels were infinitely admired and plundered to the last stone. But his true sorrow was for the sufferings of his wounded friend; The Bey was inconsolable for the misfortune, which he attributed entirely to his own rashness. "Well was it said by Hadiz," he exclaimed in bitterness, "that he who takes the wolf by the throat, should first see that his tusks are plucked out." The young Scribe pointed with his slight finger upward, and said with a faint smile. "The skies are as bright above this tent, as they were on the sea shore. The sun will rise to-morrow, as he rose yesterday. We are in hands stronger than the hands of the Arab. The first refuge of the fearful, but the last refuge of the brave, is despair."

[Concluded in our Next.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

The President at Boston.

During the President's speech at Boston, which was confined to thanks to the public for courtesies to him as a citizen and Chief Magistrate, three cheers for Congress were called for from outskirts of audience. The cheers were not given. During Mr. Seward's speech three cheers for North Carolina were called for. Mr. Seward said you may well give three cheers for the State of North Carolina. She was the first State to put forth the Declaration of Independence in the Revolution against Great Britain. You may well give three cheers for North Carolina. She was the State of eleven who seceded last, and went most reluctantly out of the Union. You may well give three cheers for North Carolina. She was the first of the eleven who seceded to come back again to the family fireside of the Union—and, to day, nothing is wanting for her to resume her ancient, honorable and most patriotic position in the family of the Republic, but the consent of the people of Massachusetts. Now, I know that all that is coming about, is coming about very soon. I have seen the earth and the skies full of the elements of fertility of health and of vigor, and I saw in North Carolina the Cotton spring up which is to supply, next year, the mills of Massachusetts. I have seen in New York the wheat growing that is to supply the West Indies and the Southern States. I know that nature designs that this whole continent, not merely these thirty-six States, but this whole continent, should be, sooner or later, within the magic circle of the American Union.

Bismarck's Private Secretary.

Dinner is over. It is well nigh midnight. Puthus is sleeping. Only a single light still sparkles through the autumnal trees of the Park. It leads us to the pleasant villa near the Prince's kitchen-garden.

Count Bismarck is still awake; but he is no longer the same gay talker, the amiable, witty companion, such as we have seen him at dinner. In the dead of night he is again Prime Minister.

He who has come to Rugen to repose from his toils, sits at a desk covered with papers; his right hand is closed; his face looks almost gloomy; the thoughtful brow is clouded; the iron Count is at work. He reflects long and profoundly; and then he dictates a dispatch.

But where is his private secretary, to write what he dictates?

The Prime Minister has not taken a private secretary, nor any of the officers of his department with him to Rugen; but at a side-table with a lamp, sits a lady, modest, plainly dressed; her brow beaming with great intelligence. She quickly writes what the minister dictates to her.

We know this lady; we learned already to esteem her; now we admire her. The Countess Bismarck is not only a loving wife to him, an excellent nurse to him in his bodily ailments, a devoted mother to his children; she is, besides, the iron Count's faithful, indefatigable assistant in his grave toils.

When King James' tutor lay upon his expiring pillow, his majesty sent to inquire how he did. "Go tell," said he, "my royal sovereign that I am going where few Kings go."

HUMOROUS.

One of the Alabama freedmen applied to Governor Patton for a divorce on the ground that his wife couldn't be coming home every week, and he knew another woman who would do very well.

"Come till America, Pat!" writes a son of the Emerald Isle to his friend in Ireland. "It is a fine country to get a livin' in. All ye have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it with bricks, and carry it till the top of a three-story building, and the man at the top does all the work."

An Irishman entered a barber shop while drinking at the brush a cup of latheer, dug out the ball of soap at the bottom of the cup, at that, and sat down to warm his feet.

"How did you like your lunch?" asked a bystander.

"The custard was illegant, but by my soul I b'ave the egg was a little to long in the water!"

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said a "brute" to his wife, after breakfast recently. "A set of woman philosophers have just sprung up."

"Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?"

"The strangest thing in nature," said he; "they hold their tongues."

Sharp, promising little boy, just learning to talk well:

"Father are you going to see the fair to-day?"

Father, brightening up—"What race, my son, will there be?"

"The human race."

Husband to wife—"Mary Ann, that boy will be an editor's pet."

Wife—"God forbid."

A GREEN CUSTOMER.—A few days since a gentleman called upon some lady friends, and was shown into the parlor by a servant girl. She asked him what name she should announce, and he, wishing to take them by surprise, replied, "mieuus," (a friend.) The girl seemed at first a little puzzled, but quickly regained her composure, and, in the blandest manner possible, observed, "What kind of a cuss did you say, sir?"

A provost marshal writes: One of the provost guard brought a colored man into the office, charged with stealing water-melons. As he was being led away, I said to him:

"I hope, Tom, that I may never see you here again."

He turned to me with a peevish, shrewd expression, and said:

"You wouldn't ha' seen me dis time, cap'n, if de sagers hadn't a fatch me."

A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopped in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door, and seeing his own reflection, he said to the steward:

"I say, mister, when does this ere boat start?"

Getting no answer from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated:

"I say, mister, when does this ere boat start?"

Incensed at the silent figure, he then broke out:

"Go to thunder! ye cursed sassafraz colored, shockheaded bull calf; you don't look as if you knew much anyhow!"

A RATHER INQUISITIVE YANKEE.—While Lord Grosvenor was traveling West, he was one day waiting at a country station for a tardy train, when one of the farmers of the neighborhood entered into conversation with him:

"Been about these parts considerable, stranger?"

"Yes, for some length of time."

"Like 'em pretty well, eh?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"How long have yer bin here?"

"A few weeks."

"What's yer business?"

"I have no business."

"What are yer traveling for then?"

"Only for my own pleasure."

"Don't yer do any business? How do yer get yer living, then?"

"It isn't necessary for me to work for my support. My father is a man of property, and gives me an allowance sufficient for all my wants."

"But, 'spose the old man should die?"

"In that case I dare say he'd leave me enough to live upon."

"But, 'spose he should bust up?"

Here the conversation ended, and Lord Grosvenor walked away, evidently struck with a new idea.